O, the diuell take such cooseners, God forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will stay your leysure.
Hot. I haue done ysaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners,
Deliuer them vp without their ransome straight,
And make the Dowglas sonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reasons
VVhich I shall send you written, be assurde
Will easily be granted you my Lord.
Your sonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall secretly into the bosome creepe
Of that same noble Prelate welbelou'd
The Archbishop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brothers death at *Bristow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I speak not this in estimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set downe,
And onely staies but to be hold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
Hot. I smell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.
Nor. Before the game is afoote, thou still lett'st slip.
Hot. VVhy it cannot choose but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And so they shall.
Hot. In faith it is exceedingly wel aimd.
Wor. and tis no little reason bids vs speede,
To saue our heads, by raising of a head:
For, beare our selues as euen as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our selues vnsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And see already, how he doth beginne
To make vs strangers to his lookes of loue.

Hotspurre.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Coosin, Farewel. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters shal direct your course
VVhen time is ripe, which will be suddenly:
Ile steale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
VVhere you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I wil fashion it, shal happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne strong armes,
VVhich now we hold at much vncertainty,
Nor. Farewel good brother, we shal thriue, I trust.
Hot. Vncle adeu: O let the houres be short,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our sport, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho, An it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horse not packt. VVhat Ostler?
Ost. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts, saddle, put a few flockes in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of al cesse.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car.* Pease and beanes are as danke here as a dog, & that is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this house is turned vpside downe since Robin Ostler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed since the price of oats rose, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the most vilanous house in all London roade for fleas, I am stung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a tench: by the masse there is nere a king christen could be better bit, then I haue bin since the first cocke.
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordaine, & then wee leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
1 *Car.* What Ostler, come away and be hangd, come away
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliuered as far as Charing Crosse.
2 *Car.* Godsbody, the Turkies in my Panier are quite starued: what Ostler? a plagu on thee, hast thou neuer an eye in thy head? canst not heare, & t'were not as good a deed as drinke to

breake